Enter Cleon the Governor of Tharſus, with his wife and others.

Cleon. My *Dioniſia*, ſhall we reſt us here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach us to forget our owne?
Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hils becauſe they doe aſpire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to caſt up a higher:
O my diſtreſſed Lord, even ſuch our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and ſeene with miſchiefes eies,
But like to Groves being topt, they higher riſe.
Cleon. O *Dionizia*,
Who wanteth foode, and will not ſay he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famiſh?
Our tongues and ſorrowes doe ſound deepe:
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heaven ſlumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers to comfort them.
Ile then diſcourſe our woes felt ſeverall yeares,
And wanting breath to ſpeake, helpe me with teares.
Dion. Ile doe my beſt Sir.
Cleon. This *Tharſus*, ore which I have the government,
A City, on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches ſtrewd her ſelfe even in the ſtreetes,
Whoſe towers bore heads ſo high, they kiſt the clouds,
And ſtrangers ne're beheld, but wondered at,
Whoſe men and dames ſo jetted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glaſſe to trim them by:
Their tables were ſtor'd full, to glad the ſight,
And not ſo much to feede on as delight,
All poverty was ſcornd, and pride ſo great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.
Dion. Oh tis true.
Cleon. But ſee what heaven can doe by this our change:

Theſe mouthes, who but of lat
Were all too little to content a
Although they gave their creat
As houſes are defilde for want
They are now ſtarv'd for want
Thoſe pallats, who not yet to
Muſt have inventions to deligh
Would now be glad of bread,
Thoſe mothers, who to nouze
Thought nought too curious,
To eate thoſe little darlings w
So ſharpe are hungers teeth, th
Draw lots who firſt ſhall die t
Here ſtands a Lord, and there
Here many ſinke, yet thoſe wh
Have ſcarce ſtrength left to gi
Is not this true?
Dion. Our cheekes and hollo
Cleon. O let thoſe Cities th
And her proſperities ſo largely
With their ſuperfluous ryots h
The Miſery of *Tharſus* may b
Enter a Lor
Lord. Where's the Lord Go
Cleon. Here, ſpeake out thy
haſte, for comfort is too farre
Lord. We have deſcried up
A portly ſayle of ſhips make
Cleon. I thought as much.
One ſorrow never comes but b
That may ſucceed as his inheri
And ſo in ours; ſome neighbo
Taking advantage of our mi
That ſtuft the hollow veſſels w
To beate us downe, the which
And make a conqueſt of unhap
Whereas no glory is got to ov

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